

FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA



A WESTERN CANADA WHEAT FIELD.

Canadian response: "What are the settlers of Western Canada—and most of all the farmers who have emigrated from the United States—doing this year?" I was asked by the editor of one of our big American magazines a short time ago, by which I was assigned to travel through the great wheat provinces of the Dominion West to discover just what the conditions were there, and how the many thousands of American farmers in this "Eldorado of Wheat" were prospering.

This was my fourth journey through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. I followed close upon the 60,000 good American farmers who left the States to make new homes for themselves in these provinces last year—and in different words, this was how I answered the question of the editor quoted above:

Imagine first of all a train of forty-ton cars 1,454 miles in length—a train, in other words, which would reach from New York City to Denver, or from the Canadian border through the States of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and for 250 miles down into old Mexico, and you will have some idea of this year's production of grain in the three great provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In other words, it will take more than 200,000 cars to carry the grain production of these provinces alone this autumn.

If a person were standing at one point, and this "grain train" passed him at the rate of twenty miles an hour, he would have to remain in that one spot for just

year. Under ordinary conditions the settler makes a living during his first year. He builds himself a cabin or a rude board house, and if he has not much capital of his own he works a part of his time for his neighbors, for work is always plenty and wages good. The second year, however, he has in his own grain. It is a common saying throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta that "the settler makes a good living the first year, builds himself a good home the second, and is independent the third."

Until I had become thoroughly acquainted with these thousands of my people who have emigrated to Western Canada, and with the conditions now existing among them, I was inclined to believe with other hundreds of thousands of Americans that Canada's wheat lands were considerably overestimated. There are a large number of land companies in the United States whose promoters very much dislike to see good American farmers taking up land in Canada when they have vast tracts of their own to dispose of. One of the "stories" frequently seen in American papers is that the good homestead land, or free land, of the Dominion is already taken up. Millions of acres of the best land in the world are now open to American settlers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and these acres are offered to them absolutely free, with taxes so low, after they have gained possession, that they may almost be counted as nothing.

To-day three great railroads stretch across Western Canada, and within a few



THRESHING WHEAT IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA.

three days and three nights to see the end of it.

It would carry past him more than 400,000,000 bushels of the best wheat in the world, 120,000,000 bushels of oats and 30,000,000 bushels of barley, for these figures, according to very best estimates that can be given at the present time, show what the settlers of Western Canada have raised this year in the way of grain.

Never in the history of any country has there been a more prosperous year for farmers than the present one in the Dominion West. So enormous has been the grain production that nearly 25,000,000 pounds of binder twine were required for the crops. Oats this season have gone as high as one hundred bushels to the acre, while over large areas of country the average has been as high as eighty and ninety bushels. The wheat yield has been as high as fifty bushels to the acre, and from figures already in it is believed that the total will show an average yield of between twenty and twenty-five bushels to the acre throughout the three provinces.

It is difficult for one to understand just what Western Canada means to the farmer until he takes at least one trip through that country. As yet the vast grain lands of the three western provinces, with an area large enough to support the population of a nation, have hardly been scratched. In other words, it may truthfully be said that the tremendous production of these provinces to-day is that of a few pioneers. Last year sixty thousand of the best farmers in the United States took up new homes for themselves there, and from the statistics of the past two or three years each one of these settlers will be harvesting from 500 to 2,000 bushels of grain next

miles on each side of these roads the great part of the population of settlers live. Beyond these narrow belts are millions of acres of the best land in the world and it is safe to say that within ten years it will be almost entirely taken up—and American farmers will occupy a great portion of it. No farmer in this country has to carry his crops far, for every few miles along the railroads towns or stations are laid out, and at every place there is a huge elevator, and sometimes several of them, each holding from 20,000 to 80,000 bushels.

A few paragraphs back, I made the statement that many American land companies are trying to give the impression that the free homestead lands of the Dominion are about gone. To show how ridiculous this is, I will give the figures which have been secured through W. J. Kennedy, of the Department of Immigration, who has made an exhaustive investigation of this subject. According to the results of his investigation there are at the present time more than 100,000 free homesteads already surveyed and awaiting settlers, and in addition to those there are vast tracts of the best land in the world which have not yet been surveyed, and which will be homesteaded.

And from my long experience in the Dominion West, I confidently believe that during the next two years nearly all of these homesteads will have been taken up by good American farmers—the farmers from our own States who are making Western Canada what it is to-day. Years ago the best advice in the world was, "Young man, go West." To-day it is changed in a small way. Now it is: "Young man, go to Western Canada."



WHEAT-STALKING SCENE ON THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Giant Tree of England.
The biggest tree in the south of England is said to be the King's Oak at Tifford, which stands on the village green between two ancient bridges over the River Wey, and is some 30 feet in circumference at a height of 6 feet from the ground.

It is mentioned in the charter of Waverley Abbey, the Cistercian monastery close by, now in ruins, which gave its name to the works of Sir Walter Scott. This giant tree is still in vigorous growth.—London Chronicle.

Interesting Bits.
More than one-fourth of all English newspapers are published in London.

In Russia there are no fewer than eighty-six general holidays in the year.

The Great Wall of China will soon be undermined in one place by a railway tunnel.

California buys more baseballs and bats, proportionately, than the people of any other State.

Every day the inhabitants of the United Kingdom wear away \$1,000,000 worth of shoe leather.

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

At last, however, thinking that the silence was growing a little too significant, "What is that gray thing around us?" she queried frantically, straining her eyes into the gloom; "perhaps it's a marsh by daylight."

The chauffeur drew a long breath. "Is it a marsh?" he asked. "To me all this seems a corner of paradise, an oasis in a pretty long dry desert."

He pulled himself up anxiously, gazing at his companion and wondering if he had gone too far; but Gussie only stared absently after him into the gloom.

"I don't take much stock in oases," she objected, dreamily. "My experience is that they generally turn out to be private property, forbidden to trespassers, or else are so fenced in by restrictions as to take away all the pleasure, or what is worst of all—she gave a little sigh—"they vanish into a mirage, leaving one in the desert as tired and thirsty as before."

"Then some one else knows what it is to be tired and thirsty," commented the chauffeur, with significance.

Mrs. Waring inclined her head.

"And yet," she said, with a hard little laugh, "my good friends will tell you that I have done nothing all my life but eat and drink and be merry!"

There was another silence, while the two strolled on, the chauffeur in the lead, and the road-side chauffeur stood motionless, his usually alert brain in a whirl, his keen senses for the moment drugged, paralyzed by the overpowering magnetism of the woman beside him.

After a few moments Mrs. Waring turned her head, to find a pair of strange eyes fixed upon her own in a glowing, inexplicable gaze.

"Well, what is it now?" she asked, half involuntarily, little realizing the consequences of her remark.

"What it has been from the start," declared an impassioned voice beside her, speaking in a husky, chaotic mixture of broken English and French. "Ah! it is unjust. It is cruel to be so adorable, so irresistible!"

The man was down on his knees by this time, feeling excitedly for her gloved hands.

"Ah! mia bella!" he sighed brokenly; but here an interruption occurred—the scene changed abruptly.

With a quick recoil Gussie was on her feet, gathering her skirts about her instinctively; then drawing herself to her full height she looked down, favoring the prostrate chauffeur with an icy, disdainful stare from head to foot. After which, turning negligently away, "Sarto," she ordered, in the impersonal tone with which one addresses a servant, "just put my wraps and that cushion in the tonneau, please; I think I hear Mr. Buist returning."

She was not mistaken. From the distance came a loud rattle of approaching wheels, accompanied by the cracking of a whip; and, as the chauffeur pulled himself dizzily together, a spidery object came into view around the bend in the road, resolving itself speedily into a high dog cart and galloping horse, while, lit up by the swinging lamps, Gerald's countenance, tense with annoyance and suspicion, peered down at the two figures by the roadside.

"Here's that rascal," he said shortly, tossing a miscellaneous parcel in the direction of the chauffeur. Then, to Gussie: "Miss Hanyot preferred to stay at the hotel," he remarked briefly; "so I got a trap and came right back. I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Waring rewarded him with an unusually grateful smile. "Thank you very much," she said. There was a nervous tremor in her voice as she stood beside the trap looking up at its driver. "Give me a hand, Gerald."

And over her shoulder, to the man behind, "You will hear from me about the car later," she said casually. "Just come up to the hotel for directions."

Five seconds later the dog cart with its two occupants was off in a whirl of dust, leaving a wounded motor prone by the roadside, and a yet more deeply wounded chauffeur standing in the middle of the road, uttering strange, uncounted maledictions, as he vowed an eternal vendetta.

CHAPTER III.

At the end of the Rue Royale in the city of Havre, the Hotel Maritime obtruded its huge front development, pressing the great porte-cochere hospitably into the street.

The lights were all burning in the windows, and the chauffeur shot by at a late hour that night, intent only on getting his motor into the garage at the back without attracting notice.

In the big shed two other panting, steaming monsters were being rubbed down by their attendant slaves, and, laying off his leather coat, Sarto set to work on the motor, the sharp exercise of polishing heating his chilled pulses and furnishing some outlet for the fierce restlessness that was consuming him.

He was on his knees beside the car, manipulating the oil can with artistic nicety, when steps sounded on the pavement outside, and a colossal shadow fell across the chauffeur's line of vision.

"My dear Sarto, that you?" came in a hated English drawl, then, as there was no response from the garage, after a moment Buist's massive head and shoulders shot up above the gateway.

"I say," he observed sardonically, "thought you were by way of being a chauffeur! How many hours does it take you to put on a new tire?"

Sarto did not reply, and for an instant the Englishman silently eyed the shirt-sleeved figure before him with cold aversion. It was this common workman, redolent of petrol, that Mrs. Waring had seen fit to constitute her cavalier for six insane hours! The sooner he was shown his proper place the better.

Gerald's teeth closed vindictively on his cigar.

"See that you give that machine a jolly good polish!" while you're about it," he ordered at last, with a harsh authority that was almost arrogance. "She's got to be in decent shape for shipping! To-morrow morning's at latest." He turned on his heel, and then, with added sharpness, "Hear what I say! Have her ready to go on to Southampton by the next boat."

What happened next was a complete surprise to Gerald Buist.

Up to this point, by a superhuman effort the chauffeur had kept himself in hand, but now his face had become livid with suppressed fury, and between his clenched black lips his teeth gleamed suggestively.

It was a somewhat terrifying figure that shot up suddenly not a foot away,

with brown, sinuous fingers writhing unpleasantly near the Englishman's throat. "I take my orders from Mrs. Waring, and no one else," came in a sibilant whisper.

From his overpowering vantage of height and bulk the Anglo-Saxon looked down on the fiery Latin with blank astonishment, which gradually gave place to a dauntless amusement.

"You little foreigner, here," raising his voice, "get out of my way!"

Forth went his huge arm with unexpected directness, brushing the slight Southerner contemptuously aside, much as a self-respecting house dog might displace a vagrant cur. Then turning on his heel, the Englishman sauntered somewhat indifferently towards the hotel, trolling one of Chevalier's Coeter songs in his stentorian baritone.

Staggered back against the garage door, a dumpy, oily figure straightened itself with a muttered curse and looked after the retreating one.

"An impopex on thee!" he sobbed in Venetian patois, "I will remember this forever!"

Gone was Annette's gentlemanly companion of the tonneau. Gone Mrs. Waring's romantic lover. Alas! it was a very plebeian chauffeur that some time later crawled abjectly into the garage.

The next morning dawned overcast, with a soggy wind blowing off the Channel, and a chill saltness in the air that suggested to Sarto an occasional glass of absinthe at the cafe around the corner. However, he kept himself for the most part in the garage, from which the back windows of the Maritime were visible, varying the monotony of his work at intervals by a saunter into the lobby of the hotel, haunting especially that region around the telephone, in restless expectation of a message which did not come.

Was about noon that the machine was ready, and slipping packed by the chauffeur's experienced hands into a shapeless, hide-bound mass, and not until then did Sarto let himself out of the motor shed and make off with stiff alacrity for a much-needed bath and shave.

Some time later, obedient to the long-expected telephone message, the chauffeur presented himself at Mrs. Waring's sitting room, ready with an odd mixture of regret and relief, that Annette Bancroft was the only one to be seen.

"Come right in," the girl said at once, her genial smile making him realize remorsefully how utterly he had forgotten of late his little comrade of the tonneau.

"As you see, I'm in the depths of packing," she waved her hands towards a collection of trunks and their contents scattered promiscuously around the room. "Won't you sit down?"

But Sarto remained standing.

"I came to report about the car, signorina," he said, with a certain sober dignity. "It's all ready for shipping."

"Oh, dear!" The girl's face fell unconsciously, and as unconsciously Sarto found himself watching her, his heated senses reviving under her friendliness, with a startled sudden consciousness of something about her which he had felt before.

Just a waft, subtle, elusive, intangible, of that divine essence which has been labelled Charm!

"Oh, yes," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "The poor car! Mr. Buist is going to find a purchaser in England. We shall never see it again. Well, with a fatalistic shrug of her shoulders, "I must be no use lamenting the inevitable! I thank you very much, Sarto. Just wait a moment, and she turned away, leaving the chauffeur more strongly than words that Gussie had kept her own counsel thus far.

There was a sense of relief in this discovery, and, as the door closed behind her, he was able to glance around, taking stock of his surroundings with a faint, detached interest.

The room was a comfortable one, boasting of a writing table, lounge and various easy chairs, the last heaped with feminine effects from the trunks, which ranged around the four walls, had overflowed in every direction. A driving rug which the chauffeur recognized as flung casually on the floor, and a well-known human-looking mass. In fact, the whole place was overwhelmingly suggestive of Gussie, and, stung by a hornet host of recollections, Sarto began to pace up and down, realizing again with intolerable distinctness the full bitterness of last night's humiliation—his own mad recklessness and folly! Set adrift and adrift he was, fanning it by degrees into a burning, unreasoning malice towards Gussie which craved some outlet.

In the man's super-sensitive state every feature of his present position—even such minor annoyances as the jangling clock on the mantle-piece, the uncomfortable heating of his chest, contributed to the sum of his misery, exacerbating his nerves beyond bearing. It was with a sense of positive injury that he glared at the small prim card opposite, and then, rapidly crossing the room, dashed open the window next to it.

He leaned out heavily. Ah!—but the stinging salt gust was good! Stepping nimbly to get more of it, his boot heel sank into something soft and mushy—one of Gussie's feather boas—and bending down Sarto picked the thing up and glanced down peckishly into the steamer trunk beside him.

Some minutes passed; the Swiss clock on the mantel ticked on loudly and the fire crackled as obviously as before; but they were alike unheeded by the man on his knees by the steamer trunk, staring down into it with an odd mixture of interest and incredulity.

"No, I don't go as far as that," Gussie's light voice was again in his ears, blurred by the rush of the motor car.

But I do take the precaution of hiding my diamonds away in an ancient chamois glove case down at the bottom of a hat trunk."

How the speech came back to him! Was it possible that that innocent-looking shapeless object at which he was gazing really contained Mrs. Waring's jewels? Mechanically the chauffeur put his hand down, and touched it. Then, his curiously getting the better of every other consideration, he lifted the parcel out and looked it over interestedly.

Certainly the chamois glove case did not contain jewels!

As the thought spun through his brain, a door on the opposite side of the hall opened, and two voices became suddenly audible. With a swift realization of his position, Sarto turned and, leaning over, was on the point of lowering the parcel

back into its rightful corner of the trunk, when Gussie's clear tones, carrying distinctly through the crack in the hall door, made him pause.

"See him again?" she enquired, evidently in answer to a question. "Good heavens! Say farewell to my own chauffeur, a sort of servant? You must be deaf. Give the man his pay!" (the last words came out with hard, half-emerging emphasis) "and let him go!"

There was a whispered response and the voices sank, but too much had been already heard. The mischief was done. Before Annette closed the intervening door, the listener in the sitting room, yielding to a sudden, inexplicable impulse to avenge himself, had taken the fatal step.

And yet, in spite of his enmity, he was not all knave-only (like many of us poor mortals) a sensitive human instrument, capable of fine harmonies and hideous discords, responding all involuntarily, at times, to the player's whim—the touch of the moment.

When Annette came into the sitting room a moment later, the chauffeur was standing by the opposite window, his hands behind his back, a faint, inscrutable smile on his dark face.

"Mrs. Waring wanted me to give you this," she said, going up to him with embarrassment and holding out a small, square envelope.

Then, as he took it with a mumbled word of thanks, the girl retreated hurriedly to the fireplace and stood, her back to it, fidgeting restlessly with her handkerchief.

"You see," she began, apologetically, "Mrs. Waring is very tired and had to send her message by me."

She stole a glance at the man, who was looking steadily at the door, and then went on with rapidity: "I am so sorry it's all over! How we've enjoyed it—the motor—and everything!"

There was a catch of regret in her voice and she paused doubtfully. "I suppose you will take charge of some other motor now?"

Sarto did not meet her eyes. "No," he said, "I think I will give up that for the present." His tone raised a certain barrier, and Annette did not pursue the subject.

"Well," she said, with determined cheerfulness, "then I wish you every success in whatever you undertake. Perhaps—who knows, Sarto?"—she smiled a little uncertainly—"we may meet again some day."

"Who knows?" echoed the chauffeur seriously. He moved away from the window very slowly, with his face still carefully averted. Reaching the door, "In addition, then," he said, with a slight formality, "and thanks to you, signorina, for your so great kindness—one does not forget!"

His voice shook the least bit.

With swift steps Annette came towards him. "Good-by, and good luck, Sarto," she said, impulsively, holding out her hand.

But the chauffeur shrunk back. Grasping the door knob, he made a stiff, military salute, his eyes fixed steadily on the girl's outstretched hand—and then, "Addio, signorina," he repeated firmly, and closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

A ROYAL DENTIST.
The Story of a Tooth Pulling by Peter the Great.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre second very melancholy. The czar asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, your majesty," said the man, "my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out."

"If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once."

When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all; there was nothing the matter with her!

"That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering tortures."

"Hold her head and hands," said the czar. "I will have it out in a minute." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid profuse thanks from the husband.

What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an un-sound tooth in her head.—Argonaut.

What He Was.
A big, burly-looking fellow, a perfect picture of health and strength, walked into the office of a prominent accident insurance company the other day and applied for a policy.

"Certainly," said the secretary. "Are you engaged in any hazardous business?"

"Not in the least," replied the applicant.

"Does your business make it necessary for you to handle loaded firearms or weapons of any kind?"

"No, sir."

"Would your business ever require you to be where there was excited crowds—for instance, at a riot or a fire?"

"Very seldom."

"Is your business such as to render you liable to injury from street cars or runaway horses?"

"No, sir; hardly ever."

"Does your business throw you in contact with the criminal classes?"

"Very rarely, indeed, sir."

"I think you are eligible. What is your business?"

"I am a policeman."

The Truth.
Fear is not in the habit of speaking truth. When perfect sincerity is expected, perfect wisdom must be allowed. Nor has any one who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth any cause to wonder that he does not hear it.—Tacitus.

Holland has a perennial necessity for wooden piles. In Rotterdam harbor works of all kinds demand them and the drainage of the Zuyder Zee as it steadily proceeds throws out its wooden ramparts in all directions. A Lancashire contracting firm has built for the purpose of sharpening the driving ends of piles a machine which resembles a gigantic pencil sharpener. Piles up to 28 inches in diameter are sharpened to a five-inch point in fifteen minutes.

There is a clearing house for packages lost on the British railways, and about 1,000 packages a day are handed

Sermons of the Week

Abiding Law.
Religion and science have proved that we are all under law. Turn which way we will, law controls and abides.—Rev. George Bailey, Presbyterian, Washington.

The Soul.
The soul is a unit, and when we think of feel or act it is the whole personality that is thinking or feeling or acting.—Rev. John W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.

Christ's Teachings.
If the world would only practice Christ's teachings it would be changed at once from an earth into a heaven.—Rev. John Balem Shaw, Presbyterian, Chicago.

Living with Christ.
However large any man may be with Christ, he can be much larger and greater with Christ living in him.—Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, Methodist, Norwich, Conn.

Jesus the Vine.
Other men are roots and seeds un-grown. Jesus was the full vine and flower, matured and crowned with perfect beauty.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

The Press.
The newspapers of to-day are one of the mightiest forces to crush out dishonesty, business or political.—Rev. John von Herlich, Old St. Paul's church, New York City.

The Sting of Death.
There is a sting to death; there may be a victory to the grave; but both of them disappear, and have forever disappeared in the resurrection of Christ.—Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Church's Only Cause.
The church has only one cause at heart—that of strengthening the Christ spirit in the world. For this it trains men of all sorts of temperaments and grades of ability. As an institution it must use human material.—Rev. Prof. Franklin Johnson, University of Chicago.

A Good Wife.
A good wife ought to have patience with her husband's little faults. If he didn't have some faults he wouldn't be a man, he would be an angel, and then you couldn't live with him. It is a good deal harder to live with perfect than imperfect people.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston.

Converting Power.
Our churches have followed theology to the forgetfulness of Scripture, and proclaimed conviction of sin instead of the converting, revitalizing power of the Gospel, so that it is no wonder the churches are empty and losing their hold on the masses.—Rev. Robert Mac-Donald, Baptist, Brooklyn.

The Desire to Live.
In an incomparable way Jesus has renewed among men the desire for life. This is what puts Him at an immeasurable distance above all other teachers and leaders of men. Wherever existence is normal there is a deep and ineradicable desire for life.—Rev. H. M. Melish, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Learning from Christ.
It is astonishing how few things are worth knowing that are not learned from Christ. What do we know about the three questions: where we came from, how we ought to behave ourselves, and where we are going, that we did not learn from Him?—Rev. Dr. Hanks, Baptist, El Paso, Texas.

The Word of God.
The word of the Lord is the means by which God expresses His will to men; it is a revelation of God Himself. As deepest knowledge of men is not by means of outward person, but by character, so of God, not through nature but through His word.—Rev. Clayton E. Delamater, Methodist Episcopalian, Providence.

Keeping God's Law.
Pity it is indeed if in God's own world of beauty and hope a soul cannot fervently say, "I have kept God's law." If it is impossible for the human heart to make such a confession, then purity and honesty and kindness are words invented only to mock men.—Rev. Clayton J. Potter, Congregationalist, Simsbury, Conn.

Unnecessary Evils.
So-called philosophers may declare that certain evils are necessary, and thereby seek to fasten upon us for a longer life iniquities that ought to die. These same so-called philosophers ought to recognize that anything which is necessary cannot be sinful.—Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, Methodist Episcopalian, Washington.

Atrophied Soul.
It is possible for a man to give his time and energy and talent to the needs of the dwelling, while neglecting the dweller within. Man may grow into a perfect animal, possess a cultivated brain, become carefully religious, and yet carry in his bosom a starved, atrophied soul.—Rev. Guy Arthur Jamieson, Presbyterian, Totterville, N. Y.

Healing Power of Christianity.
If it is true that the cure of certain kinds of disease can come through the mind then Christianity has a power of healing, for above all other creeds Christianity has the power to "minister to a mind diseased," to emancipate it from care and worry and sin, to inspire it with fresh hope and determination.—Rev. C. Waldo Cherry, Presbyterian, Troy, N. Y.

To Keep Salt Dry.
To prevent salt in saltcellars from becoming damp and lumpy, when filling them put in ten to twelve pieces of rice," says Woman's Home Companion. "This will not come through the holes in the cover of the saltcellars, but will break the lumps of salt and gather the moisture; thus the salt is always dry and fine."

No doubt you think there is a lot of complaining in the community in which you live. No more complaining in your community than in others, probably.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Beauty Brains.
Superfluous hair may be permanently removed by amputating the limb upon which it appears.

Some ladies have found that a judicious use of powder will cause a critical husband to entirely cease remarking upon their alleged homeliness. The powder, it might be explained, was directed at the said husbands.

Nitroglycerin in sufficient quantity will simply knock the spots off a freckle-faced girl.

A simple and beautiful addition to the daily bath is a couple of gallons of oil of roses. This can be procured at any drug store at the nominal price of 5 cents per dozen.—Trotter's Blade.

A Gray-Haired Child.
To have all his hair turn gray at the early age of 8 years, with no apparent cause, has been the lot of the young son of John Ertwine of 11th street, Bloomington.

About a year ago the parents noticed that the boy's hair, which was dark, was beginning to turn gray in several places. At first they pulled out the gray hairs, but these increased so rapidly that at present it would be necessary to keep the boy's head shaved to keep the gray hair from showing.—Philadelphia Record.

RAISED FROM SICK BED
After All Hope Had Vanished.

Mrs. J. H. Bennett, 529 Fountain St., Gardiner, Me., says: "My back used to trouble me so severely that at last I had to give up. I took to my bed and stayed there four months, suffering intense pain, dizziness, headache and inflammation of the bladder. Through without hope, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and in three months was completely cured. The trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a Box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Weather Tips From Wires.
The attention of many persons has often been directed to the humming of telegraph and telephone wires, but it has only been recently that a connection has been found between this phenomenon and weather conditions.

Professor F. Beck of Babenhausen, Hesse, has found, after a study of the subject, that it is possible to forecast local weather conditions by observing this humming and that prophecies holding good for several days may be made if certain rules are followed. The plan is to observe the humming twice or three times daily, preferably at about 11 a. m. and 6 p. m., and the best results for local forecasts are obtained when the phenomena are interpreted in the light of the official forecast for a large district.

The humming is, of course, influenced by the strength of the wind, the tension of the wire and various causes, which in turn are affected by temperature and other atmospheric conditions. It is said that the local forecasts based on the humming wires have proved quite successful, and the interest of meteorologists has been aroused in Herr Beck's method of observation.—Harper's Weekly.

Flooding a Distinguished Precedent.
"I see you," said the police justice, "30 and cost."

"T'r honor," protested Tufford Knaut, who had been hauled up for vagrancy, "all the prop'ty I've got in the world is a plugged nickel, an' me clothes an' they ain't worth more'n about two bits. That ain't reasonable. It's conside'ation, an' it won't never stand the test of the fed'ral courts. I s'pose 't'll be an' an' an' y'r honor."

—Chicago.

Wild Wagon.
Several efforts have been made to capture three bands of wild horses feeding in the neighborhood of K. K. Carson.

Among the group that runs wild about twenty miles north of the town, says the Denver Republican, are said to be a powerful horse and an equally handsome mare that would make a team worth about \$400. A huge sorrel animal with a blaze face, a tail that reaches the ground and a heavy, flowing mane is the leader of the band, and is said to be so wary that up to date all attempts to run down any member of the group has resulted in a failure.

Whenever a man appears on the horizon the stallion sounds the alarm and starts the band off in the other direction, led by a small roan broncho. The sorrel himself brings up the rear, snapping at the mares to make them run faster, and if too hard pushed he will strike off to himself.

The country where the band roams is known as the Little and Big Springs section, and the farmers in that vicinity are watching their own horses closely to keep them from joining the wild herd. A domesticated horse is often coaxed away by a band of wild ones and in a few days is as wild as the rest.

There is said to be another band, led by a big brown horse, about twenty miles south of K. K. Carson, and a third, led by a bay, not quite so far off. Some of the horses have brands, while others have not.